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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 230 30 09

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'For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

The Highland Farmer.

At the foot of the Pentland Hills, in the time of which I am writing, there would have been found an old farm house. It had belonged to the Murray family for more than a hundred years. The eldest son for several generations had occupied the house and farmed the land belonging to the estate. And none were more respected in the locality than the Murray's.

The homestead was of the plainest kind,

SHE READ TO HER FATHER SOME OF THE MARKED LINES.

built of rough stone, and roofed with thatch. Venerable trees shaded it in summer days and protected it in winter. 'A bonny burn whimpled' over its pebbly bed, and made music for all who passed. It was a typical highland farm.

Donald Murray, the present occupier, was a widower, with an only daughter, Marjory. Donald was an elder in the Church, highly esteemed, a cordial supporter of the minister, the Rev. Hugh McNeil, and a strict observer of the Sabbath.

Marjory was devoted to her father, and for the last three years she had borne the cares and responsibilities of the farm, keeping everything in as perfect order as when her mother was living. Every Sunday father and daughter walked to the kirk together, and took the same path back by the northern side of the burn, which lengthened the home walk some fifteen minutes.

The last two Sundays they extended the walk farther than usual in order to pay a visit to the cottage of Sandy Cargill. Sandy had been laid by with a badly-sprained ankle for more than ten days. This mishap kept him confined to the cottage, and prevented his looking after the sheep away upon the hills.

Scarcely a day passed without some kind message, or some thoughtful gift finding its way from the farm to the cottage for the invalid's benefit. Unexpected visits were paid by Marjory herself, when Janet Cargill, in her brusque, busy way, kept Marjory well informed of the progress her 'guid man' was making.

Sandy's two bairns were aged only two and five years, so that they were quite unable to take their father's place in the work of the farm. The accident to Sandy, therefore, laid upon Donald Murray himself duties that mostly fell to the lot of Sandy.

The sheep on the hills had to be looked after. And in the bright July days Marjory persuaded her father to promise that, whenever he went to see that all was well with them, she was to go with him.

Thus it came about that Donald and his daughter—Rover, the young collie, leaping and barking about them in unbounded delight—climbed the hills together.

To Marjory it was a glorious opportunity. For some years she had not seen so much of the wild beauties of her native hills as she now enjoyed with her father. It was like a summer holiday as they made their way from point to point, till, seated side by side upon some rocky height, the jagged hills and sloping pastures lay before and around them. A word to Rover was enough to send him to glen and scar to bring up the wandering flock.

Once it happened that Marjory found a copy of Sir Walter Scott's poems among the boulders where they were resting. Some tourist had brought it with him to read in the bracing air of the author's own country, and putting it aside had forgotten to take it away with him.

To read her father some of the marked lines from 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake' took only a few minutes.

Then, as the sun sank to rest behind the western heights of the familiar hills, flooding the heavens with a rich golden glow, the words of the great Hebrew poet came to Donald Murray's lips:

"The heavens declare the glory of God:
And the firmament sheweth His handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart
Be acceptable in Thy sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer."

When they reached the house again, what was their surprise to learn that Sandy had managed by the aid of his wife and a stout stick to walk as far as the farm. He had waited nearly an hour for his master's return, and had been gone only five minutes when Donald Murray and Marjory entered.

They, too, were disappointed at not witnessing Sandy's bold efforts at walking. At the end of six weeks from the time of the accident, Sandy put away his stick, and began to take up the work where he had left it on the day of his mishap.—'Friendly Greetings.'

The Value of Rebuffs.

It is painful to be knocked down, but it may be a great blessing. The brakeman, walking along in the dark on the top of his train of box-cars, may not like the warning slap in the face he receives from the cords arranged over the track for that purpose; but he knows he must either throw himself down or be swept to death in passing under

the bridge or through the tunnel. In a good-sized town a young man was just beginning to prosper in business on a side street, when a fire completely destroyed his premises. This was a disaster; and in looking about for a suitable property, he found that the only building he could get was one much larger and costing more than he felt that his business would justify. In great fear and with sad heart he took possession. To-day he has the leading business in his town,—made possible by his enforced move. It is man's plan, to try to escape from sorrow; God's plan, to save through sorrow.—'S. S. Times.'

Prayer.

The weary ones had rest, the sad had joy
That day; I wondered 'how!'
A ploughman, singing at his work, had prayed
'Lord, help them now!'

Away in foreign lands they wondered 'how,'
Their single word had power!
At home the Christians, two or three, had met
To pray an hour.

Yes, we are always wondering, wondering 'how,'
Because we do not see
Someone, unknown perhaps, and far away,
On bended knee!—Selected.

Religious News.

At Deir Mimas in Sidon field, opposite one of the famous crusader castles of Syria, the capacity of the village church was taxed to the utmost, last January. Rev. Geo. C. Doolittle, of the American Presbyterian Mission, conducted a week of evening services and, night after night, benches were pushed farther back, mats brought in, chairs placed in the aisle, rear doors opened, till four hundred people were listening to plain talk about true and false Christianity, daily duties and remissness in the same. After each service, a company of men and boys—Protestants, Greeks, Catholics—gathered about the missionary, who late into the night pressed home the personal application on Sunday observance, family prayers, honesty in dealing, Bible study, Christian forbearance.—'Woman's Work.'

The Norwegian missionary Braadvedt in Zululand once asked his native teacher, 'What is faith and what is unbelief?' He received the following excellent answer, 'To have faith means to take hold of Christ and His Word,' to lack faith means to let go Christ and His Word.' To this the Christian Zulu added the following explanation: 'In Zululand strong men are stationed at the rivers to carry the people over when the waters are high. Before these men go through the river, they tell those whom they carry to take a firm hold Those who have confidence in the carrier and obey him, safely reach the other side; but they who lose confidence and let go their hold, perish in the water. That is faith and unbelief. Whosoever believes in Christ, clings to Him under all circumstances, relies upon His guidance, and obeys Him. Thus he gets safely through this life and reaches the beautiful land on the other side of the river of death. Whosoever lacks faith, perishes in his wanderings, because he has no guide.'

The whole Christian world of 150,000,000 contribute only some $17,000,000 for missions, while in the State of New York, with less than 8,000,000 population, about the same amount is expended every year in license for the privilege of selling liquor, not for the liquor itself. Taking in Germany it is stated that the average contribution to missions is only five and a quarter cents per capita, while the money expended per head for beer alone is seven dollars and twelve dollars for wine, whisky and beer together. The total incomes of British missionary societies is nearly $9,000,000 while the people of Great Britain lay aside in savings nearly $5,000,000 a day. Thus more is accumulated in two days than is given to foreign missions in a whole year.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

By recent arrangements, postage on individually addressed copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to the United States and its dependencies costs us considerably less than last year, so that instead of requiring 50 cents extra postage, we now ask only TEN CENTS on each copy. Clubs of ten or over to one address, enjoying the cut rate of 20 cents a copy, cost us the same as last year, and so require 15 cents extra per copy for the year's postage.

The rates for the United States will, therefore, be as follows:—

NORTHERN MESSENGER
Rates to United States
(Postage included)

	Per Annum
Single copies - - -	50c.
Three or more copies separately addressed	40c. each
Ten or more copies to one address - -	35c. each

N.B.—As some of our old subscribers in the United States were obliged to drop the 'Messenger' owing to the high postage, we will be very glad if our readers will mention the above reduced rates as far as possible to their friends who may be interested.

Work in Labrador.

DR. HARE AND THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

The following report was addressed by Dr. Hare to the supporters of the hospital launch, 'Northern Messenger,' at Harrington. The work there is a matter of partnership, as Dr. Hare feels, but let us see that we do not give the working partner an unnecessarily hard job to hold down. We had hoped to have the new and larger launch for the work this summer. That proved impossible, but the work is greatly needing it, and the sooner we can manage to procure it the better. Dr. Hare is in charge, but, as he says, it is our work, and let us realize our responsibility.

How true it is that we little know what is just ahead of us, writes Dr. Hare. The morning of Friday, June 26, broke fresh and clear. The work at the station went along as usual, hospital work taking up most of the morning. At noon the boat of the Episcopal Mission came in, and shortly afterwards a note was handed to me telling of a very sick woman about thirty-five miles away. There was then the hurry of preparation, food supplies for two men and a boy, kerosene for the engine, as our tank was too low for a trip (we had been busy towing logs for some days), but before three p.m. we left in the teeth of a heavy west north-west breeze, and no shelter for the first eighteen miles. It took us four hours to cover this stretch, and four hours to do the second half of the distance. The tide sets so strongly on this coast that the current is almost like the flow of a river at times. At eleven o'clock p.m. we hauled into the little harbor and dropped our anchor, and I at once went ashore, finding a woman very ill. I stayed most of the night with her and until nearly two o'clock the next day, then leaving medicine and minute directions, we started back for Harrington, arriving there at half-past ten p.m. The next afternoon word came again that my patient had taken a bad turn, so we ran the launch four miles to the telegraph office to find out about her. The result was that we started back the next morning. Spent that night and all the next day with my patient, then, as she rallied somewhat, I concluded to try to get her to the hospital. While there I had a wire begging me to go to another harbor thirty miles east of Harrington, and see another woman seriously ill.

We got our patient partially dressed and four of us carried her down to the shore in a piece of an old sail, then lifted her out and laid her on boards in a small boat, then towed her out to the launch. Getting her down the hatch into the little cuddy that is all the accommodation this launch boasts of was rather an undertaking, but we managed it, and laid her on the cuddy floor where she just fitted in between the small shelves, one or either side, where Sam and I sleep. We brought the woman who had been nursing her with us, as she belonged to Harrington.

Reaching home in the late afternoon, we soon had our patient on a stretcher and transferred to a comfortable bed.

Next morning we took a patient on board who was returning to her home, and in the face of an east south-east wind and a fog so thick that you could hardly see a hundred yards, we left to try and get to the other sick woman.

It took us six and a half hours to make the run, all the time in the fog, and glad enough I was when we made out the narrow passage between the small islands at the western entrance of the harbor. Even after we were inside the harbor one might have been a hundred miles at sea for all the evidences of land to be made out.

We made our way to the small cove where we usually anchor, and as soon as the anchor was down a small boat put off to tell us of another bad case on a small 'Jack' from Newfoundland.

I went first to see the sick woman and treated her, then we went on board of the 'Jack.' In a tiny bunk, a mere hole in the wall of the cabin, which itself was about six feet by five, lay a young lad of sixteen, gabbling away to himself in delirium. He had shipped as cook, and had left his widowed mother full of hope for a good fishery, a few weeks before, and now he was laid by with meningitis. After getting what history of the case was possible from the skipper, I left instructions and treatment for the night, and next morning we took the launch alongside the 'Jack' and transferred him to the cuddy floor, making him as comfortable as we could.

We went out of the harbor on our way back to Harrington and ran into the same dense fog, that was like being wrapped up in cotton wool, but by the time we had run half way, the fog cleared away and we had fine weather.

Before we had been travelling very long I found out that the skipper of the 'Jack,' in the goodness of his heart, had given the boy a generous lot of oatmeal and molasses for breakfast, and this had not agreed with him, and he had gotten rid of it everywhere. What a job I had to fix him up comfortably again, the launch pitching and rolling, no chance to move about in the cuddy, or even to kneel upright, but it was accomplished after a time, though not up to hospital standard.

We ran into Cross Harbor to try to find the brother of my patient, who I heard was on a fishing schooner anchored there.

We found the man, and he at once shoved aboard the launch in a dory to see his brother. He was totally unconscious, and could not be got to understand anything.

The brother said, 'What will mother do? He was all she had to take care of her.'

We laid him in the hospital until the evening of July 6, when he passed away, never having regained consciousness.

In his delirium he spoke more than once of the Saviour's agony in the Garden, which showed that he had been taught the old truths of the only religion that will stand by a man in the hour of death and give him comfort and help.

He lies now in the little graveyard, where he has laid by loving hands. We all got very fond of him, I suppose because he was so slight and frail and helpless.

By this short account you see what your launch, the 'Northern Messenger,' is doing. It is your work, and I feel the responsibility of being in charge. I know you will not fail to do your part.

H. MATHER HARE,
Harrington Hospital.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mrs. E. A. McKenzie, Welsford, N.S., $1.50; Michipicoten, $2.00; A Friend, Merritton, Ont., $2.00; Carmel S. S., Carmel, Ont., $1.34; Total.$ 6.84

Received for the cots:—Miss MacKenzie, Welsford, N.S., $1.00; M. A. Hastings, St. Armand, $1.00; W. H., Somenos, B.C., 25 cents; A Friend, Grafton, N.S., $1.00; Total.$ 3.25

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,571.23

Total received up to Oct. 6.....$ 1,581.32

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1908.

Absalom Rebels Against David.

II. Sam. xv., 1-12. Memory verses 5, 6. Read II. Sam. xiii-xvi.

Golden Text.

Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Ex. xx., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 26.—II. Sam. xiv., 1-17.
Tuesday, October 27.—II. Sam. xiv., 18-33.
Wednesday, October 28.—II. Sam. xv., 1-18.
Thursday, October 29.—II. Sam. xv., 19-37.
Friday, October 30.—II. Sam. xvi., 1-23.
Saturday, October 31.—II. Sam. xvii., 1-14.
Sunday, November 1.—II. Sam. xvii., 15-29.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you remember what David had to do when he was a little boy? He had to help with the work at home, and to spend a lot of his time looking after the sheep just as a great many little boys in Canada have to look after the cows or help feed the chickens and do a great many other little things about the home. Do you have to do any work at home? Well, David did when he was a boy, but by-and-bye he came to be king and to have little boys of his own. We don't find that he taught his little boys to do anything. He just let them have anything they wanted and do anything they liked to do. Do you think that made them love him? No, indeed, it didn't. They just grew up to be selfish and vain and one of them even wanted to be king instead of his father. That is what our lesson is about today. This son's name was Absalom. He was very beautiful, more beautiful than any other boy in Israel and his father loved him very much, but then David loved all his children very much, so much that he never wanted to punish them no matter how naughty they were. One day Absalom did something that he really was afraid his father would have to punish him; for, so he ran away from home and went to stay with his grandfather who was king of a country north of Israel. He stayed at this palace with his grandfather for three years and all the time David was wanting to have him home, so at last he sent his general Joab with some soldiers to fetch him. Absalom was a young man now, about twenty-five or thirty years old and he no sooner found that he was going to be quite forgiven when, what do you think he did? Did he say 'Oh Father, I'll try not to do so wrong again. I'll try to be good and love you as you love me?' He did just the opposite to that. He tried to make the people discontented with his father for king, and to make them think how much better it would be to have him, Absalom, for their king. He worked like that for several years until he had made ever so many people discontented with David. Although he was so good to look at there was no goodness in his heart and he was just like poison spoiling the hearts of all those that he could, until one day he thought that it would be safe for him to rebel and have himself proclaimed king.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The bitter fruits of filial disloyalty that troubled David's later days were of his own planting and nourishing. His constant indulgence is mentioned in the case of Adonijah (I. Kings i., 6), and hinted at by Jonadab (II. Sam. xiii., 4). The gross sin of his eldest son, Amnon, went unpunished and it was the rankling sense of injustice in this that drove Absalom to the more open sin, the murder of Amnon. It was plain that he expected something would have to be done about that for he fled where he knew his act would be approved and he be supported by the king his grandfather (II. Sam. iii., 3; xiii., 37). David's almost criminal love for his children could not admit of any righteous indignation and justice. He only longed daily for the return of the culprit (II. Sam. xiii., 37), and as soon as he felt that the people favored his act received him into fullest favor again (II. Sam. xiv., 33). The son learned not only to love himself the better for his evident appreciation by king and people, but to despise his father's sense of justice. There is no more effective example of foolish parental indulgence than that afforded by David, and it is possible that Solomon's later rather drastic and widely quoted sentiments on the bringing up of children (Prov. xix., 18; xxix., 17), sprang from the knowledge of his father's great failure in this respect. It is very probable that the events described in the last chapter of II. Samuel occurred during the years in which Absalom so successfully alienated the hearts of the people. The chronicler of this book is never very particular to give events in their due sequence and in I. Chron. xxi., the same event is given directly after the incidents described in II. Sam. xii. This act of David against the wishes of the people and resulting in the three days pestilence, his drafting of the people into companies to secure the material for the new temple and other work (I. Chron. xxvii.), and the taxes which were necessary in a kingdom of this kind and required a special officer (II. Sam. xx., 24), would all serve to make the people discontented. David, too, was growing older and not so bent on warlike achievements as he used to be. Absalom was not slow to take his chance, and when he openly rebelled he had a large number of the people on his side, and a fair prospect of their numbers increasing (verse 12).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Among Carlyle's papers was found one on which he himself had written, 'My last letter to my mother.' 'My dear, good mother,' he wrote, 'let it ever be a comfort to you, however weak you are, that you did your part honorably and well while in strength, and were a noble mother to me and to us all. I am now myself grown old, and have had various things to do and suffer for many years; but there is nothing I ever had to be so thankful for as the mother I had. If there has been good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was "your" voice essentially that was speaking through me; essentially what you and my brave father meant and taught me to mean. May God reward you, my dearest mother, for all you have done for me; I never can!'

Carlyle's father was a rough stone mason, but Carlyle was ready to acknowledge his indebtedness to him. In his 'Reminiscences,' which were published after his death, he thus speaks of him: 'I feel to my father—so great, though so neglected, so generous also toward me—a strange tenderness, and mingled pity and reverence peculiar to the case, infinitely soft and near my heart. Was he not a sacrifice to me? Had I stood in his place, could he not have stood in mine? Thou good father, well may I forever honor thy memory.'

Verse 3. 'There is no man deputed of the king to hear thee.' The court was organized on a more extensive scale than in the kingdom of Saul. David alone was, of course, the chief justice, and was accessible to all his people. The case of the wise woman of Tekoa is enough to show this, and Absalom's insinuation of lack of due attention on the king's part to cases of wrong must be taken as the demagogue's perversion of the truth in his own interest. We hear now, for the first time, of an office whose business it was to keep track of public affairs—a monitor for the king. * * * We also hear of a scribe, apparently the king's private secretary, and two priests are now counted among the court officers. (II. Sam. viii., 15-18).—H. P. Smith, 'Old Testamentary History.'

Verse 3. Of what beasts is the bite most dangerous? Of wild beasts, that of the slanderer, of tame ones, that of the flatterer.—Diogenes.

Praise is an estimate of value: flattery is the effort to compensate for the lack of value.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Verse 12. 'Absalom sent for Ahithophel.' What swept Ahithophel into the ranks of this great conspiracy? The reason is given in the genealogical tables, which show that he was the grandfather of Bathsheba, and that his son, Eliam, was the comrade and friend of Uriah.—F. B. Meyer.

Verse 7. 'After forty years.' R. V., at the end of forty years.' At the end of the fortieth year of Davidr's reign. R. V. margin, 'According to Syriac and some editions of Septuagint Version, four years.' Josephus also says 'four years'; the forty is understood by some scholars to be clerical error for four, and is to be reckoned from the time of Absalom's reconciliation with his father.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 1.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. XI. The Sleepless Watcher. Ps. 121. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, October 26.—Let children praise Him. Ps. clviii., 12, 13.

Tuesday, October 27.—The multitudes praise Him. Matt. xxi., 8, 9.

Wednesday, October 28.—Praise Him every day. 1 Chron. xxiii., 28, 30.

Thursday, October 29.—All nature praises Him. 1 Chron. xvi., 32-34.

Friday, October 30.—Praise Him always. Ps. xxxiv., 1-3.

Saturday, October 31.—Praise Him with understanding. Ps. lvii., 1-7.

Sunday, November 1.—Topic—The children's hosannas. Matt. xxi., 15, 16. (Praise meeting.)

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

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Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Jennie Martin, C., Ont.; Alice Sloman, A., Ont.; Ethel Kerr, S., Ont., and Matilda J. Cain, W., Ont., are the new members for this week, and all from one province. There should certainly be a difference in the air of Ontario with so many members of the R. L. of K. at work there.

We are glad to have a story for the League this week from the 'big youngster' whose letter is published below.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Even though I am a big youngster, standing some six feet, I take great interest in your page and especially in the Royal League of Kindness. May I describe a scene which greatly touched my heart? It was while attending the Western Fair at London, Ont., I noticed a cripple girl in one of the wheel chairs commonly used by invalids. The chair was being propelled by a small boy, presumably her brother. The day was very warm and the grounds were crowded, both of which circumstances combined to make the little fellow's task a difficult one, yet he performed it cheerfully and skilfully. If the little fellow had been a millionaire, and the chair a brand new automobile, he could not have exhibited more pride and satisfaction. Not an attraction was slighted, but everywhere it was possible for that chair to go, it went. I know what an attraction the patent medicine man and the soap man at a fair are to boys, and I could not help wondering if this one had no secret longing to join the groups which surrounded those worthies. If he had it was suppressed. I felt like taking off my hat to that boy, thank God we have such boys in this Canada of ours. When last I saw him, he was manfully toiling up the grade into the transportation building.

A. W. HONE.

E., Alta.

Dear Editor,—We are getting along finely on our homestead. We live on Pembina Hill. They are building a railway near here. It is the G. T. R., the great continental line to haul grain from coast to coast and bring goods back again. All young men who want a home should come this way, as there are plenty of good homesteads along the Pembina, but young folks must remember how Canada was settled, that Montreal was once a wilderness perhaps worse than this. And then there is abundance of feed for the horses and cattle and sheep. They grow so fast and grow so big you would wonder why they are so big. There is also the beautiful lake where fish and ducks and wild game abound, and the pretty bays with their beautiful lawns and scattered trees as nature formed them.

MINNIE MAY HADLEY.

C., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy the 'Messenger' very much. I think the drawings are fine. We get the 'Messenger' every Wednesday. I am a member of the prairie chicken club in the Winnipeg 'Telegram,' and want to become a member of the 'Messenger' circle also. I will close now wishing you all success.

ANNIE ENGBERG.

[We are very glad to have you join us, Annie. Ed.]

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but have read lots of letters, so I thought I would write. I go to school every day. I am in Grade Seven, I have a very nice teacher, there are about thirty going to school in winter, and about seventeen in summer. I have two sisters, one goes to school away from home, and the other is in Grade Seven. The crops were very good around here this fall. My chum's name is Violet Westbrook. She and my sister and I went down to my Grandma's this summer holidays, and we had a very good time. I have two pet hens. My father is the section foreman here on the C. P. R. We were all down in Ontario, four years ago, and we had a very nice time. I am in the Junior Bible Class in Sunday School, we get the 'Messenger' there. There are about eighty who attend.

VERBENA WESTGATE.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As so many of the readers could not be here on September 23, I thought I would tell you something about the big day we had. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Geo. Graham were here. There was a large procession. There were six bands playing that day. The town was gaily decorated and there were a number of men on horse back. I am eleven years old and am in the third book at school.

AUSTIN MARTIN.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to the 'Messenger,' although we have taken it a long time. I go to school and am in the Jr. second class. We live about a half a mile from the school. I have three brothers and four sisters.

HANNAH McARTHUR.

N., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters of the Correspondence Page and thought I would send one too. I am a little girl six years old and go to school every day. My cousin teaches and she boards at our house. I spend nearly every Saturday with my Grandma who lives about 1¾ miles from our house. My aunt takes the 'Messenger' and sends it to us, and we all like it very much. I have three brothers and one sister. My baby brother is two months old. We call him Harris Clifford. My aunt is writing this for me, as I can't write very well yet. There are two churches in N., (N. S.). The Methodist and Lutheran. I attend the Lutheran Sunday School. I hope this letter will be printed, as it is a surprise for my mamma.

MILDRED M. RAMEE.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old and am in the third book in school. I have four sisters and two brothers. We live about a quarter of a mile from school which I attend regularly.

VIOLET C. McQUEEN.

O. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I am sick and cannot go to school, I thought I would write a letter to the 'Messenger.' We milk twenty-two cows, but did milk twenty-three till about two weeks ago, one took sick and died. I am eleven years old. I have two brothers and no sister. I had pneumonia a year ago this spring.

AMY EMPEY.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the correspondence page and thought I would write you a letter. I have four sisters and three brothers. My oldest brother is married. My sister and brother are going to college this winter. We get the 'Northern Messenger' in our Sunday School where I am in the Junior Bible Class. There are about nine in our class. I was thirteen years old in August. My chum, Verbena Westgate, was thirteen years old on the same day. She and her younger sister and I went down to Willow Range to visit. My pets are a dog and two horses.

VIOLET WESTBROOK.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Girl's Head.' Maggie Parsons, B., Ont.
2. 'Lady.' Gordon Mills, P. H., N.S.
3. 'Barns.' ——— Ormond, Ont.
4. 'Branch of Plum Tree.' Basil Colpitts (age 11), F. G., N.B.
5. 'Yard.' Velma Devine (age 9), H., Ont.
6. 'Cedar Bird.' Victoria Rose, M. D., N.S.
7. 'Tent.' Laura L. Rose, M. D., N.S.
8. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Amy Empey (age 11), O. C., Ont.

To Our Bright Young Reader.

You like the 'Messenger,' do you not? And you surely know at least five young friends who do not now get the 'Messenger' in their home but who would like to get it through the mail in their own name. Get five of these friends to give you 10 cents each, send the .50 to us along with the five names and addresses very carefully written, and we will start sending the 'Northern Messenger' at once to each one and send it for three full months on trial. Besides this we will send you six beautiful colored pictures 9 x 16 inches long, 'Pansy Blossoms,' well worth framing. You give one to each of your club of five, keep the sixth yourself, and get besides a beautiful enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble. Anyone who reads this, may get up a 'Pansy Blossom' club; and the same person may send us half a dozen such clubs one after the other. Be sure the names you send are from families that have not been getting the 'Messenger' at all. Anyone may pay you 10 cents and give you the name of some cousin or niece or grandchild. The 'Messenger' will be sent anywhere you order it in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs), or in the British Isles or Newfoundland, the 'Pansy Blossoms,' however, all go to you to give around.

Let your mother or father show you how to send the money properly. It is always better to send by postal note or money order, but you could send by registered letter, or in stamps if more convenient. Don't send loose coins in an envelope. Who will send in the first such club? And we will print your name on this page. Send names and money to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, and mark on the corner of the envelope 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

PANSY BLOSSOMS.

The honor of sending the first club belongs to Gracie McKeddie, Que.

The following come next in order:—

Helen L. Clarke, N.S.; Mattie L. Ramsey, P.E.I.; Ethel Armstrong, Ont.; Martha E. McColm, Que.; Ella A. Smith, C.B.; Myra Warren, Ont., age 8; Amelia McPherson, C.B.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Best Time of the Year.

Oh, which do you think, my dear, my dear,
Is the very best time of all the year?
Is it when north winds fiercely blow,
Heaping the whirling, drifting snow
O'er hillside and valley, far and near?
Which do you think, my dear?

Or is it when south winds softly creep
To beds where starry-eyed violets sleep,
Calling to buds on flower and tree,
Bringing the news to bird and bee
That spring is coming—will soon be here—
The best time of the year?

Is it when west winds, laughing in glee,
Shake down the brown nuts from some dreaming tree?
Ah, well, dear heart, this do we know:
Whichever way the winds may blow—
From north or south, from east or west—
Each season, in its time, is best.
God's wisdom makes each one, my dear,
The best time of the year!

—Florence A. Jones.

For Mother's Sake.

Ann Adams stood in the kitchen doorway, looking westward, where the sunset glowed in red and gold. She was waiting for the proper time to put supper on the table. Suddenly she remembered how, a year before, she had come down the road and saw 'mother' standing just as she now stood—and oh, how little and frail and lonely mother had looked! Tears rolled down Ann's cheeks, for now mother had gone away, beyond sunset glories, to 'the land that lies very far off.'

Everybody had called Ann a model daughter. Mother had said so, and Ann had thought so herself, but now she remembered very much that had been left undone that might have made the little mother happy. Ann ran into the bedroom, and, sinking by the bed, hid her face against the gay patchwork quilt. Often she had seen mother kneeling there alone. Presently the clock gave a whirr, and struck loudly. Ann sprang up, set the supper on the table, and rang a bell at the back door. Two stalwart shirt-sleeved men came from a large shop, and, with some small ceremony of washing and combing, seated themselves at the table and began promptly reaching for the bread and meat.

'Stop a minute,' said Ann, firmly. 'I'm going to have a blessing at this table.'

'Who'll ask it?' demanded her brother George.

'I will,' said Ann. 'I've been thinking to-day how badly we treated mother.'

'Treated mother badly!' cried her brother James. 'Are you crazy, Ann? Any one who treated her badly would not have stayed here. Badly! Why, didn't we work night and day, George and I, to keep mother nicely, and build this house and furnish it pretty for her, and get her good gowns and white caps and silk aprons, and have her sit with her hands in her lap just like a lady?'

'Yes,' chimed in George, 'and didn't we say we would not marry, so mother might feel she was head of the house, and all in it, and no one to interfere, after all her troubles? And Ann, you yourself gave up a good chance to marry, because you said mother needed you, and she shouldn't be beholden to strangers to wait on her! I say we were good children.'

'Yes, all that is true. Mother thought so; and often, when she believed I was asleep, I heard her telling God how good we were, and asking him to bless each one of us by name.'

'Oh, you're precious late telling us of it,' said James.

'I begin with myself,' said Ann. I did do all you say, but didn't I go with people that make mock of religion, and stay out to dances till two o'clock Sunday morning, and have all kinds of noisy, idle company Sunday? And if, instead of wearying mother that way, I'd been religious and read the Bible and sung hymns to her, wouldn't it have made poor mother happier? If you boys had got less silk aprons and tufted chairs, and had got a buggy and gone to church with her at the village Sundays, wouldn't she have been happier? If you'd had a grace at table, and read a chapter at nights, and taken a religious paper for her, wouldn't she have been happier? That was the way to treat mother, and we didn't do it. We left mother lonely in her religion, we didn't give her comfort when she most cared for it, and I say, now I think of it, we didn't do well by mother.'

'You girls see into such things more,' said George, 'and you ought to have told us this while mother was here to profit. It is too late to be religious for her now.'

'It is not too late to try to do as she would like us to do,' said Ann, 'and help get her prayers answered. I know you boys got most of your rough talk and ways knocking about earning every penny you could scrape to keep mother and us little girls out of the poorhouse. Mother often reminded God that he had promised a blessing to good, dutiful children, and I reckon you boys will get it. But now I say to you, mother was a mild, meek woman, and didn't drive you boys to your duty, but I'm tougher stuff, and we'll have a blessing, and go to church, and read the Bible, and try to be like Christian folk.'

'Will it make us any better?' asked George.

'It will be doing all we can, and I'm sure that God will take hold of our hearts, and make them different,' said Ann. 'Supper's almost cold, but I'm going to begin on this blessing.—Michigan Advocate.'

The Act of a Hero.

(By George Berkington, in the 'Christian Globe.')

Tom Miller was in trouble; such trouble as he had never known before in his life, although that had been, as many would have thought, little more than trouble all through. He was a factory hand, and he had never known anything better than that. The present time, indeed, when, as a lad of sixteen, he got better wages than he had ever received before, was the most easy and prosperous period of his existence. He worked steadily and made enough for his few wants and even to give a little help to those more needy than himself, and, being a kind-hearted boy, this was a sweet as well as a new experience to him. Even among his rough fellow-workers in the great cotton mill he was acknowledged to be kind-hearted; and another fact, more precious still, had been universally acknowledged about him, namely, that his word could be relied upon.

Something had happened now, however, which has caused both of these facts to be doubted by many, and actually disbelieved by some, and this was without any doubt the worst trouble that Tom had ever known.

The circumstances were these. Tom had happened to be in the engine-room tinkering at some little contrivance of his own, for which he required the use of some of the implements kept there. While he was hammering and filing away, with his back turned to the engine, the man in charge of it had got caught in some of the machinery and killed. There had been no one else in the place, and when the terrible tragedy was discovered it was naturally asked why Tom had not made some effort to rescue the man.

His answer to this was the simple truth; that he had not heard the man's cries, and had known nothing of what was happening. The fact that Tom was partially deaf was well known, and the room was certainly large, and the two men some distance apart, and both the noise of the machinery and the noise which Tom was making himself might have lessened the force of other sounds; but even granting all this, it seemed incredible that the cries which had brought others running to the place—too late, alas! to do any good—could have escaped Tom in the very room.

Tom had no explanation to offer but the simple truth—that he had not heard. When he found that he was not believed, he was quite stunned by the wretched but inexorable fact that he could never give any proof. The idiosyncrasies of deafness, causing some sounds to be heard and some not heard, were unrecognized by these people, and Tom saw that he was looked upon with distrust by some and with positive aversion by others. Certain words, dropped here and there, conveyed to him the fact that an opinion was prevalent that he had seen the accident, but was either seized with panic and afraid to move, or else brutally indifferent to the sufferings and death of a fellow-being. When such aspersions were cast in his presence, did anyone wish that he might hear, it was not unusual for the speaker to retort, sarcastically:

'Oh, no; he can't hear! He must be stone-deaf, or he would have heard screams which were heard by people five times farther off than he was.'

Then Tom would speak the truth and say: 'I hear what you are saying, but I did not hear those screams. It may seem strange to you, but it is true.'

And then he would turn and walk away, miserably certain that he was not believed.

As the fact that he was suspected and misjudged came home to him more and more, he grew very solitary in his habits, and now, in his hours of leisure, he no longer joined his associates in their diversions or discussions as he had formerly done, but would go out for solitary walks, or else spend his time alone in his room.

One afternoon Tom was returning from a long walk, when, as he turned his back upon the sweet and restful country lanes and fields, he came in sight of the great factory. He had worked but half the day, on account of some trouble with the machinery in his room, and his long tramp in the woods had somewhat soothed his spirit.

The sun was setting. It was one of those clear crimson sunsets in which the great fire-globe seems to throw out rays of deep-red light. These rays illuminated now the huge smoke masses which came from the two tall chimneys of the factory, and being suspended above it, turned them into the similitude of magnificent sunset clouds.

As Tom looked at these beautiful pink smoke-drifts hanging over that factory filled with the great mass of boiling, suffering, struggling human beings, working in the heat and dirt and noise of that rushing machinery, it seemed, somehow, a promise of peace and glory; and the words it seemed to say to him were, 'Look up!'

He got wonderful comfort from that thought, and, once more, the whisperings of hope began to stir in his heart. He felt that he must leave this place and these associations and find work elsewhere. He had not money enough to think of going very far, and, besides, he knew no sort of work except that connected with a cotton-mill, and he had a quite distinct feeling that he did not want to work in anything but cotton. He loved it, and had a queer sort of feeling of kinship with it. He loved to follow its course through all its phases, from the planting of the seed to the maturing of the plant, and after that he loved to watch the wonderful machinery of the cotton-gin, which wrenches every little seed from its tenacious fibre and drops it into a trough, to be converted into oil, while the billows of snowy, fleecy, pure, sweet fibre fall into the great square box, to be compressed by the tramping of men's feet until the box is full at last, and then the great block, suspended above comes down, propelled by invincible steam-pressure, and squeezes it into its smallest compass, to be made into a bale and sent to the factory.

Yes, he loved to work in cotton; but at the same time he longed to get away from these people who distrusted and despised him.

Suddenly he remembered that a new cotton gin had been put up a few miles from the factory, and he made up his mind to try for a position there. The owner had recently come from Manchester, and his gin had certain differences from the old ones, and was said to be better.

Acting quickly upon this idea, he went to the man and offered his services. He had to wait to see Mr. Green, and as he rested, Mr. Green's little daughter, a child of five or six, came and talked to him. The house and gin were very near together, and Tom asked if she had ever seen the gin at work. The enthusiasm with which she answered him showed that the great machine was as interesting to her as an elaborate plaything. He then asked if she had ever seen any cotton growing.

'Oh, no,' she answered, 'aughing and show-

ing herself entirely at ease with him, 'I have never seen it.'

While they were talking Mr. Green came out, and Tom made his application for work at the gin. He always thought that it was the child's enthusiastic urging of his claim that got him the place, but, whatever it was, Mr. Green engaged him, and in a few days he was established in his new situation.

It was an immense relief to get into an environment in which he could feel free from the sense of suspiciousness which had oppressed him for so long, and the companionship of little Betty was a new joy in his sad life. She was evidently her father's idol, and he had her with him at the gin a great part of the time, her mother being engrossed with the care of the younger children.

Betty had been carefully warned of the danger of going near the machinery when it was in motion, and she seemed to understand it so well that her father soon lost his sense of fear about it. She would sit and watch the methodical and exact working of the different parts of the gin for hours at a time, and she could not make up her mind which seemed to her the more fascinating—the place where the seed came out all picked and clean, or the place where the cotton came out, so fleecy and light, and fell into the great box with the huge block suspended above it.

There was only one part of the work that she was ever allowed to help in, and that was the tramping of the cotton in the press, and it was her delight to get in there, with her father or Tom, and jump about with infinite enjoyment of the frolic, and an agreeable sense of giving help in the work.

One afternoon, when the machinery had been stopped for the intermission for dinner, Betty, having finished her meal before her father, came down to the gin, and, finding the box about full, thought she would be very clever and make room for more cotton by doing some tramping. Then she began to jump about with such energy that she soon exhausted herself, and thought she would lie down on the cotton and rest. She had not lain in that soft, sweet bed more than five minutes when she fell into a profound sleep.

The clock moved on toward one; and the men who attended to the different parts of the work collected at the gin.

'The box was about full when we stopped,' said Mr. Green, 'but I think it would hold the rest of this lot of seed-cotton. Go ahead, Tom.'

So the machinery was started, and Tom, out of view of the box, began to feed the machine, and as the liberated seeds fell into the trough at one end, the flaky showers of cotton, at the other, dropped upon the sleeping child so lightly and so gently that it would scarcely have disturbed the poise of a butterfly.

In a few moments, it had covered her completely, and by the time the remnant of cotton had been used up, not a trace of her was to be seen.

'That's the last of Martin's lot!' exclaimed Mr. Green, going to stop the machinery that moved the gin, and to put in motion that which moved the press. 'I wonder what's the matter with Betty!' he added, 'I thought she came down here ahead of me.'

Tom heard him utter these words, but they made no particular impression upon him, as the child was used to taking care of herself.

He went back and stood by the box to see the pressing done, thinking what a fine, big bale Mr. Martin would have from this last lot. As he did so, he heard Mr. Green's voice outside calling:

'Betty! Betty!'

At the same moment Tom's penetrating eye caught sight of an outline underneath the light fleece of the newly ginned cotton. If he was deaf, he was not blind, and he had seen something that many a man might have overlooked.

At the same instant he heard the machinery of the press at work, and saw the heavy block begin its swift journey downward. His heart stood still.

It was a matter of a few seconds only. Seizing a great iron crowbar that stood near, he thrust it obliquely into the grooves down which the block must move. Whether it would stop that mighty steam-power he could not tell, but he thrust it in, and then, bending over the box, tore aside the cotton and scrambled for a hold upon the child.

Somehow, somewhere, he caught hold of her and picked her up just as he heard a crash above. The crowbar could not prevent the descent of that relentless block, but for one instant it checked it. He heard timbers crashing and splinters flying all around him, and the next second the great block descended upon the box of cotton. But Betty—living and breathing—was safe against his heart.

'Thank Heaven!' he cried, with a sort of groan. Now that the danger was past, he realized it in all its horror.

'Thank Heaven and you, my boy!' he heard someone say, and Mr. Green came forward and took Betty from him. Setting the child on her feet, he turned and grasped Tom's hand. 'It was the act of a hero,' he said. 'You have saved my child, and in doing so you have come nearer to death than I have ever seen a human being come, and yet live to tell the tale. I thank you for my child's life, and I thank Heaven, too, that such a life as yours is spared, as an example of courage and self-sacrifice for others to imitate!'

A light of radiant joy came into the boy's face. The stigma upon him had been removed at last, and as he stooped to kiss little Betty and her arms clung around his neck, he felt that the world was bright about him once more, and that he was cleared—justified—delivered!

He Saved Others.

Hearing the noise of an approaching train they drew aside till it should pass, and in a moment the express was in sight thundering round the curve. As they stood waiting one

of the men noticed that a sleeper was accidentally left on the line, and he knew that unless it were removed it would be sure to wreck the train. Himself safe, he saw that a hundred lives were within a few seconds of death unless the sleeper could be removed. Making a sudden signal to a youth beside him, the two leaped forward, and by a vigorous effort succeeded in removing the obstacle. It was, however, at the cost of their own lives. The express caught them before they could escape, and left them, mangled and dead, on the spot where they had done their deed of heroism. They had saved the lives of others, but it had been at the expense of their own. The hundred lived because the two had risked and lost their lives for them.

When we read such a story of heroic self-sacrifice it calls to mind One of whom His enemies said, 'He saved others, himself he cannot save.' Matt. xxvii., 42. They knew that he had saved others, for he had cleansed the lepers and healed the sick and raised the dead. They saw that, as he hung upon the cross, he did not save himself; and they imagined it was because he could not. They did not understand that he hung there a willing victim. Yet it was so. His life was not being taken from him. He was giving it up of his own free will, that he might be the Saviour of the world, and deliver men from the defilement and guilt, and curse and power of sin. It had come to this, that all must perish for their sins unless he should give his life and shed his blood for them. He could not save himself—not from want of power to do so, but because he had determined to save them by giving himself a sacrifice for their sins. 'I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.' John x., 17, 18. 'The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.' Matt. xx., 28.

Christ gave his life, upon the cross, to save you from sin and death, and curse and misery. Are you saved? I fear that some who read this will have to answer—No. You know and feel that you are not saved. Would you like to be saved? Yes, you would; for you believe that it would be a dreadful thing to be lost. Then, if you think it so dreadful to be lost, what are you doing to prevent that awful doom? Nothing. What are you doing in order to be saved? Nothing. Then, my friend, you are taking a course that ensures your being lost, for every sinner is condemned already, John iii., 18, and to do nothing is to remain in a state of condemnation. 'The man who will not quit the sinking ship and enter the lifeboat is sure to go down with the wreck. So must sinners perish if they do not repent of their sins and accept Jesus' salvation. That salvation is offered to them freely in the Gospel. It is offered to you. It is offered to you now, for this tract is a message from the Saviour to you. Revelation xxii., 17. He says that he will save you if only you will give yourself to him to be saved, and trust in him for salvation. He says that, no matter who or what you may be, he will not reject you. If you are the worst sinner in all the world he will not turn you away. John vi., 37. He will save you from your sins as well as from condemnation and punishment.

Will you not come to this kind and loving Saviour? He wishes to make you happy and fill your heart with peacefulness. Do not despair because you feel yourself weak and bad. Do not be afraid to come because you are a sinner. It is sinners he died for, and sinners he wishes to save; and saved sinners are the trophies of his victory. It would be foolish for a fever-stricken man to be afraid of being turned away from the Fever Hospital because his is a case of fever. The Fever Hospital is for those that are ill of fever, and only for them. Matt. ix., 12. It is just as foolish for a sinner to be afraid that Jesus will refuse to save him because he is a sinner. He is the Saviour of sinners. I. Tim. i., 15. If there were no sinners there would be no Saviour needed. But it is just sinners that he saves, and he saves them from sin. If you are a sinner, Jesus is seeking you in order to save you. He waits for you to cry to Him, 'O Lord Jesus, save me or I perish!' That very desire in your heart to be saved has been wrought in you by his Holy Spirit.

"Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.'

Idols: A Story of Mata.

(By the Rev. Martyn W. Beatty, B.A., Parantij, in the 'Daybreak.')

Through the dark at midnight comes a roar, shouts and weird yells, deepened by thudding drumbeats, rising and sinking with monotonous regularity, yet drawing nearer, louder every second.

Sleep flies, as sleep is wont to do on a hot-weather night, with exasperating rapidity; there remains but to toss from side to side, dripping with perspiration, smothered in the still, mosquitoe-curtained air.

The noise and tumult pass the bungalow, and in an instant ceases. Not a sound is heard save the wearisome pie dog barking—that unceasing, nerve-destroying, nightly noise. So the night slowly passes, and in the cooling morning air fickle sleep returns.

With broad daylight curiosity rouses itself to ask the why and wherefore of the night made hideous.

'Ha, Saheb, it was so. We village kolis*

* A caste of the Hindus.

have had many deaths. The rats fall in our houses these many days. Nay, we will not put the fluid in our arms.

Yes, the Saheb says true: we are ignorant lok.† Nor will we go to live in the fields. Who would then protect our cattle and our goods The plague is from Mata, goddess of all ills. She is angry: let her be appeased.'

So explains my Hindu friend.

'And how may ye do that?'

'Last night we made a cart—it is on the roadside behind the Saheb's bungalow now—brought it to Mata's shrine and, killing a goat in sacrifice, poured its blood before her. On the cart below a pot of earth is put, in it a comb for Mata, dipped in blood, some pan sopari* and flowers. Above a torch is lit, and with great shouts and drum beating we brought the plague spirit out of the village into the fields.'

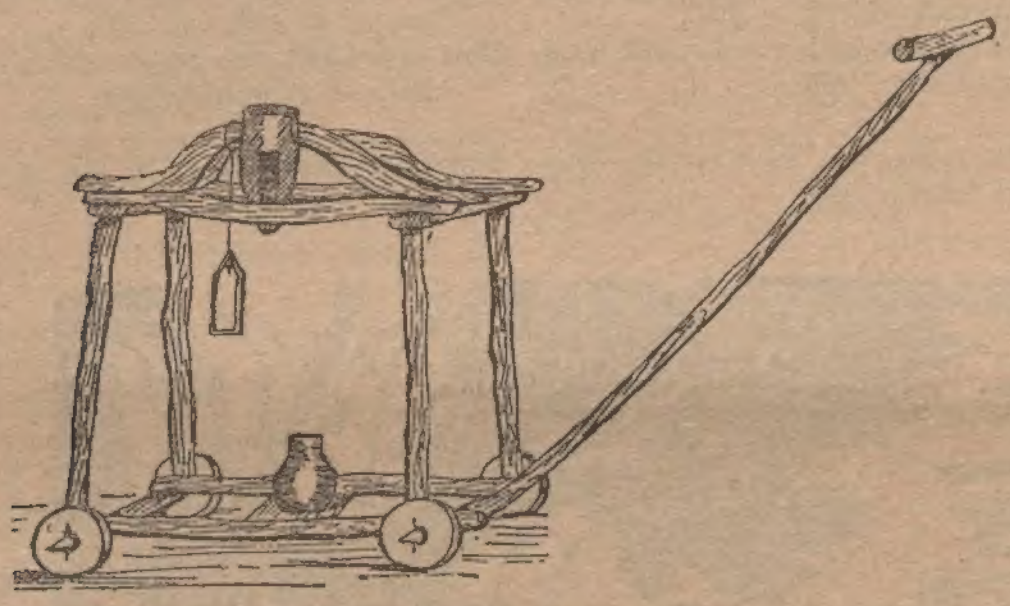
'Why did ye stop shouting so suddenly?'

'See, Saheb; by noise having dazed the spirit, then we ran away suddenly and silently all. Thus "she" did not know where to find us, and perchance "she" sought us in Aminpur direction.'

'So ye hope "she" went to the Aminpur lok?'

'If "she" leave us we ask not where "she" goes.'

This then it was disturbed the night and banished fickle sleep from me, if not dread plague from the villagers, for still they die like dumb cattle.



Mata's Cart.

Seizing my camera I sally out to secure the cart, but it is gone—only the stains of blood are on the ground and Mata's comb, which curiosity picks up.

Happy thought, though. Our orphan boys are working in their field close at hand, making bricks. They will know if any villagers removed the cart, so I return by their field.

'Ho, boys, where has the villagers' Mata cart gone, that I may cause its picture to fall. Therefore have I come out, but the lok have taken it away—did ye see them?'

A burst of laughter accompanies the answer. 'Tis behind you, Saheb. We brought it to wheel bricks on, but 'twas no use, so there it lies.' Truly they have but little faith in their forefathers' spirit beliefs, and fear these spirits not at all, not even Mata, goddess of smallpox and plague—the Dread of Hindustan.

†People.

*Pungent leaves chewed by the people.

Did You Ever Think.

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

That, though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness once a year?

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined, than having 'company manners?'

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant, but vulgar?

That to talk and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen?—'Our Sunday-School Afternoon.'

I Don't Care.

(By Priscilla Leonard, in the 'Child's Hour.')

'I don't care!' said Harry.

He had said it a great many times. He was as dirty, and ragged, and noisy, and troublesome as any little boy could be. His mother was dead, and his sister, Milly Ann, did her best to make Harry behave. But Harry didn't care whether he behaved or not. So when the young lady who had come to live next door, in the big house with the beautiful garden, told him not to swing on the gate, or he might break the hinges, Harry answered her in his favorite way, 'I don't care!'

The young lady looked at him, and Harry did not enjoy the way she did it. It wasn't a cross look, but astonished, and as if she was sorry for him. Nobody need be sorry for him, Harry said to himself; he was having a good time swinging on the gate. All the same, when the young lady went on down the street, Harry got off the gate.

The next day she was playing the violin. Harry loved music. He wished he could go in and hear her play. When she came to the window afterwards, she saw him, close up to the fence, where he had crept to listen, and she smiled at him. That afternoon she met him at the gate again.

'Would you like to come in and listen to the violin to-morrow, Harry?' she said.

'I guess so,' said Harry. 'I like music.'

The young lady looked at him again in that way as if she was sorry for him. Harry's face and hands were very dirty, his stocking was torn, and his shoes were muddy, for he would play in the gutter in spite of all Milly Ann's remonstrances. 'I want you to come very much,' said the young lady, 'if you will wash your face and hands and wear clean clothes. But I don't think you could come the way you are now, Harry.'

'I don't care!' said Harry, in his most careless tone. He kept saying so to himself, when the young lady had gone on down the street; and he went and played in the gutter, but somehow he didn't enjoy it as much as usual.

Next day he thought he wouldn't listen. But the young lady was playing a lovely tune. He went to the fence, and stood there; and she saw him. This time she put down the violin and came out. She brought something else in her hand—a little looking-glass in a beautiful frame. Harry never used a looking-glass.

'Harry,' said the young lady, 'I want you to take a good look into this.' She held up the shining glass, and Harry saw himself with streaks of dirt on his face, and frowzy hair, and soiled clothes—such a dirty, careless figure. 'I don't care!' he started to say, but he couldn't. Something changed in him; he felt sorry and ashamed, and hadn't a word to say.

'Will you come to-morrow, nice and clean?' said the young lady. Harry nodded. He couldn't say anything, but the young lady understood. And next day, when the violin playing began, a very different Harry came up the path and knocked boldly at the door—a clean little boy, with his hair brushed, and his shoes blacked, and his eyes shining.

'I don't know what's come over you, Harry,' Milly Ann had said, very much pleased, as she saw him off, 'you must have had a change of heart.'

Harry didn't know what she meant. Do you? Repentance is a grown-up word, but, after all, any boy or girl can understand and follow it.

The largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement.

The Attack of Wild Beasts.

Sir Lyon Playfair writes in a letter of the curious effect of the assault of a wild animal upon a man:—

I have known three friends who were partially devoured by wild beasts under apparently hopeless circumstances of escape. The first was Livingstone, the great African traveller, who was knocked on his back by a lion, which began to munch his arm. He assured me that he felt no fear or pain, and that his only feeling was one of intense curiosity as to which part of his body the lion would take next. The next was Rustem Pasha, now Turkish ambassador in London. A bear attacked him and tore off part of his hand and part of his arm and shoulder. He also assured me that he had neither a sense of pain nor of fear, but that he felt excessively angry because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction in munching him. The third case is that of Sir Edward Bradford, an Indian officer now occupying a high position in the Indian office. He was seized in a solitary place by a tiger, which held him firmly behind his shoulders with one paw, and then deliberately devoured the whole of his arm, beginning at the end and ending at the shoulder. He was positive that he had no sensation of fear, and thinks that he felt a little pain when the fangs went through his hand, but is certain that he felt none during the munching of his arm.—'C. E. World.'

TID BITS

That is what we call some of the expressions we get in our 'Pictorial' Boys' Mail Bag. Sometimes they refer to the rapidity and ease with which the 'Pictorial' sells, sometimes they express delight with the premiums we give, sometimes it is just a term of expression so unusual, yet so bright, that it makes our Mail Bag spicy reading.

We've only room for two or three this time; here they are:

Replying to your post-card would say flag has arrived O.K. It is certainly a beauty—far better than I expected. Thanking you for such a nice premium. I am, yours truly, B. D'ALTON GREER, N.S.

[This was our fine bunting Canadian flag (3 x 1½ ft.), which we give for selling 18 'Canadian Pictorials' at 10c each. Why not earn one right now with the 'October' issue, and have it ready to hoist on the King's Birthday?]

My fountain pen, with which I am writing this letter, is much better than I thought it would be. It is just like all the other 'Pictorial' premiums, that is, just what you represent it to be, and a little more.—Your old salesman, DOUGLES A. WRIGHT, B.C.

[This was the prize 'Waterman' Ideal Pen given for largest sales for three months. You stand a chance to win fine prizes besides your regular premiums. Two of our boys will be surprised shortly when they get their prizes for last quarter. Will you be one?]

I received my cuff links on Saturday night. I think they are great. I wouldn't part with them for anything. Yours truly, HAROLD BREWER, N.B.

[Cuff links, good quality, gold filled, and very neat, for selling only twelve copies at 10 cents each. Try a pair for yourself, or as a gift to your father.]

Any body who reads this advt, will be heartily welcomed to the ranks of our 'Pictorial' Army. Girls may earn nice premiums, too, by supplying 'Pictorials' in a quiet way to their own friends or neighbors. We trust you with a package to start on, and send a premium list and full instructions. Write us a post-card TODAY.

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LITTLE FOLKS

Lady Moon.

'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?'
'Over the sea.'
'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?'
'All that love me.'

'Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?'

'Ask me not this, little child, if you love me:
You are too bold:
I must obey the dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told.'

'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?'
'Over the sea.'
'Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?'
'All that love me.'

—'Waif.'

Up to the Sunlight.

(By Mary Arden, in 'Little Folks.')

Sleeping in the soft protecting earth lay a little grain of corn.

Up above the keen winds of February made the bare trees shiver, and the night frosts turned the clods of earth into frozen lumps, but the little grain knew nothing of wind or frost. He lay in his dark nest, and slept on until suddenly one cold morning he awoke, when the spring sunshine threw shadows of the leafless beeches across the brown ridges of the cornfield. He felt a strange and new desire to bestir himself and to push upwards, he knew not whither. It was as if some wonderful voice were calling him, a voice which he could not help obeying, and which urged him to awake and move. And as he tried to do so he became conscious that a tiny green shoot was springing from him which had the power to grow, and to force its way up through the brown earth.

'Why, where are you beginning to go?' asked a fat red worm, which lay comfortably coiled near him.

'Up through the earth. Someone is calling, and I want to go.'

'I shouldn't trouble if I were you,' said the worm, in a slow drawling voice. 'It's much more peaceful down here. The farther you push up the more lonely and dangerous it is.'

'Why?' asked the little grain.

'Well, you leave all your old friends behind, and at last you stand up all alone in the cold on your own stalk, when you might have been resting here in the soft, warm earth. Then the wind blows you first one way and then the other until you don't know which way to lean, and if the birds don't peck you off, it's much to be thankful for. I can't make it out, it's the way with all you restless young seeds, pushing up to the light as you call it. I've never seen the light, and I've got on very well without it. What's more, my grandmother never saw it, and she was much respected when she died. Take my advice and stay where you are.'

The little grain felt discouraged. In fact, he felt half tempted to take the worm's advice. He hesitated for a moment, then thrusting forth his green shoot more resolutely than ever, he said, 'I shall go on. I cannot stay.'

The soft earth parted as if to help him, and the rain drops pattering above sank lower and lower until they reached him. He drank the moisture gratefully, and felt a throb of triumph as he found his tiny shoot growing higher and stronger hour by hour.

'It's a fine thing to grow,' he said.

But then a season of dry weather set in. The fields were parched with thirst, and the furrows gaped in wide cracks, longing in vain for a shower. The little grain felt his strength grow less and less, and his stem, now long and slender, became flabby and colorless. He lacked the power to push on, and for a time lay still, helpless and weak.

'I told you so,' he heard the worm call in the distance. See what a mistake you made, leaving all your old friends, only to die by the way. You wouldn't get so thirsty if you didn't exert yourself so. I'm not thirsty. You had better stop growing now, at any rate, and give up.'

'Never,' gasped the little grain, and once again he pushed on desperately. His delicate stem was bruised and bleeding. A sharp flint lay in his way, which he was too weak to remove.

'When the rain comes I will try again,' he said. 'Till then I must wait.'

And then the rain came in rich showers. The welcome drops bathed his bruised sides, and he drank them gratefully through his little parched roots.

'I shall conquer now,' he said, and the sharp hindering flint was turned

Supposing.

Supposing trees grew down, like beets
—in orchard and in dell!
To climb for pears and butternuts we'd
simply dig a well!

Supposing rain was black as ink—imagine what a sight
'Twould often make of picknickers, attired in pretty white!

Supposing birds were eagles big, and walked instead of flew—
I'd like to know what chance there'd be to take a stroll—don't you?

Suppose that snow was hard and hot instead of soft and cold—
How dreadfully the people who slipped down in it would scold!

Supposing fishes swam in air as thick as in the sea—
'Mid whales and sharks and porpoises how frightened we would be!

Supposing we fell up—just think how very far we'd fall!
And presently the earth would have no people left at all! —'Churchman.'

—New York 'Times.'

aside, and the shoot grew into a strong young blade.

One fresh sweet morning in early April the wonderful thing happened. The last grain of earth yielded, and the young blade had reached the light. Little rosy clouds floated across the clear sky, and then the golden sun rose slowly above the horizon.

'The little blade gasped for breath. His slender stem quivered with emotion.

'What is that glorious thing?' he cried.

An older blade of corn grew near.

'That is the sun,' he said kindly. 'You have come to the upper world, and you're a brave young blade, for you've done the journey very quickly, considering the drought. I had a fair start of you.'

The little blade was still trembling.

'Now I know whose was the voice,' he cried. 'It was the sun who called me. It is a wonderful thing to grow!'

'You are quite right,' said the older blade. 'Grow on higher and higher, push on, don't stop; then one day we shall stand tall and strong, crowned with yellow light, and ready for the service of man.'

'I am glad I obeyed the voice,' whispered the little blade. It's a fine thing to grow.'

Who Likes the Rain?

Who likes the rain?
'I,'' said the duck, 'I call it fun,
For I have my little rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud; quack! quack!'

'I hope 'twill pour, I hope 'twill pour,'
Croaked the tree-toad from his gray bark door,
For with a broad leaf for a roof
I'm perfectly weather-proof.'

Sang the brook, 'I laugh at every drop,
And wish it would never need to stop,
Until a broad river I'd grow to be,
And could find my way out to the sea.'

—Anon.

Betty's Playtime.

'Oh, pshaw!' said Betty, when mamma called her from play; 'somebody's always a-wantin' me to do something!' She ran into the house with a frown on her face.

'Betty,' said mamma, 'if you can't obey cheerfully——'

'Well, I always have to be doin' somethin',' burst out Betty. 'I never can play——'

'You may play this whole day long,' said mamma, quietly.

'And not do anythin' else?' asked Betty.

'Not do any other thing,' said mamma.

'Oh, goody!' cried Betty, and she ran and got her doll things and began making a dress for Cora May, her new dolly.

Grandma came into the room while she was sewing.

'Betty,' she said, 'will you run upstairs and get granny her spectacles?'

'Yes, ma'am,' cried Betty, jumping up in a hurry, for she dearly loved to do things for grandma.

'No, Betty,' said mamma; 'you keep right on with your doll things. I'll get grandma's glasses myself.

Betty returned to her sewing, but somehow it wasn't so interesting as it had been. She threw it down the minute little Benjamin waked from his nap and ran to take him.

'Nursing is too much like work,' said mamma, taking the baby out of her arms; 'you must not do any to-day.'

Betty's cheeks turned rosy. She thought of the times she had grumbled when mamma had asked her to hold baby. Now she would have given anything just to hold him one minute.

Mary Sue, Betty's best friend, came by to get her to go an errand with her.

'I am sorry, but you can't go,' said mamma. 'Running errands is not play, you know.'

Jack came running in with a button to be sewed on. Betty put on her little thimble and began sewing it on, but mamma came in before she had finished.

'Why the idea of your sewing, child!' she said, taking the needle and thread out of her hand. 'Run along to your play.'

When her father came home to dinner, Betty started as usual to open the front door for him. But mamma called her back.

'You forget, Betty,' she said in her pleasant way, 'that you are not to do anything for anybody to-day.'

'Then I guess I'd better not ask her to drop my letter into the mail box,' said Cousin Kate. 'It might interfere with her play.'

'I'm tired of playin'! cried Betty. She ran out to the kitchen. Callie, the cook, would let her help her, she knew. But, for a wonder, not even black Callie would let her do anything.

'I's agwine ter a fun'ral,' she said, 'an' I's a mighty big hurry to git off. But, law, honey! I wouldn't hab you 'rupted in your play fer nuthin'!'

Poor Betty! She thought the day would never come to an end.

'Oh, mamma!' she cried, as she kissed her at bedtime; 'do wake me up early in the morning. I want to get a good start. Helpin' is so much better than playin' all the time.—Selected.

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THE OCTOBER NUMBER

OF THE

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OF

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At the Bird College.

(By Arthur E. Locke.)

The birds all met once on a tall maple tree,
On the uppermost branch, to confer a degree.
To one of their number this honor they gave
Because he was cheery and happy and brave.
The degree was conferred by the president crow,
All dressed in the neatest black, as you know.
So now that proud member, which often you'll see,
Is known by the title of Chicka D. D.

—Selected.

Chowchow.

'Chowchow' was not a pickle, but a chicken, and a real funny one, too.

I made friends with him when he was no bigger than a robin. He was an only child. Of course his mother had enough to do to pet and fuss over him. But he would leave her any time when we called 'C-h-o-w-c-h-o-w,' and then 'Chowchow-Chowchow,' as fast as he could talk.

His mother was a beautiful buff Shanghai, but he was a long-legged Brahma, dressed in a speckled black and gray suit. As the days got chilly in the fall, it seemed as if he suffered dreadfully from cold feet. He was always cuddling down in the warm feathers on his mother's back, even when he was a pretty big fellow.

One day I said: 'Come, Chowchow, don't trouble your mother. I'll give you a good warming by the kitchen fire.' I carried him into the kitchen, opened the oven door and gave his cold feet a toasting. Oh, how he enoyed it! He opened and shut his claws as he lay on my lap, and chowchowed and pecked at the buttons on my dress.

The next day it was pretty cold; and the first thing I heard when I went into the kitchen was a tapping at the window pane. There was 'Chowchow' on the window sill, pecking at the glass and holding up one foot and then the other. He was talking or scolding at the top of his voice.

I let him in. He went straight to the stove and waited for me to take him in my arms and warm his feet. He seemed to think it was ever so much nicer than his mother's feathers.

One cold morning I was busy when he came in. The stove was very hot; and 'Chowchow'—silly bird!—could not wait for me to attend to him. He flew up on top of the stove. Then he gave a scream and landed on the table. That was the first and last time he tried to warm his feet without my help.—'Our Little Home.'

Temperance

The Dog's Wisdom.

One day I dipped a piece of cake in whisky bitters and gave it to the dog (says a Temperance reformer). He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and naturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever after I went for the bottle, he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinitely surpassing that of foolish drinking men.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

Too Many Licenses.

A Reminiscence.

They had been discussing the Licensing Bill, and the general opinion was that the reduction of licenses would not mean a reduction of drinking, and would not in any way benefit sufferers from that evil.

Mrs. Miles, the gentle, rather timid hostess who had not joined in the discussion, spoke up shyly.

'I read in to-day's paper, a letter from a lady who said that a poor woman had said to her, "I go to meet my husband every Saturday, when he gets his wages; I can get him past four public-houses, but not past fifteen."'

The members of the little company were silent, and presently the old white-haired grandfather spoke.

'I should like to tell you a story,' he said. 'Many years ago, an eminent surgeon living in a beautiful Northern city disappeared from the ranks of his profession. At first he was greatly missed, then forgotten. He had fallen a victim to the drink habit. (In those days we had not taken to dealing with inebriety as a physical disease—indeed we scarcely dealt with it at all.) The man had married a beautiful, refined girl, and they had one son. They drifted downward, and soon their home consisted of one wretched room in a slum of the city. Then the poor wife died.

'On her death bed she begged her son, a boy of twelve, not to desert his father.

'"Go on trying, dear, keep the room clean, refuse to be dragged down, help your father whenever you have a chance, he is not a bad man, pray for him, and encourage him when he tries to give up the drink, and love him, always love him."

'After his wife's death, the man tried very hard to keep sober, his son used to lie in bed in the mornings, afraid to move, watching his father, who on his knees would be literally "wrestling in prayer." The boy had heard the man weeping, and crying out, "Help me to get past the whisky shops, O Lord."

'They would go out together, the man having made the boy promise to hold on to him and not to let him go into the public-houses; and the boy would hold his father's hand firmly; sometimes he succeeded, more often the man would wrench his hand away, push the boy over, and rush into the nearest public-house.

'The next morning he would be full of remorse, that pitiful thing, the drunkard's morning remorse.

'"It is no use, dear laddie, I cannot keep away from the drink, there are too many places."

'There was one on the right-hand side of the entry up which he lived, one on each corner of the street that he must go up to get to his work.

'Sometimes he would say, "O, laddie, if there was only one way clear, I would go far enough round to avoid the places, but I just cannot pass so many."

'And so he lived on for some years, struggling and praying—and drinking, until one morning his son tried to waken him and could not. He had gone beyond his temptations.'

'That sounds rather like a story out of a Temperance tract,' remarked a young man; 'if it is true one can hardly understand a man could be so weak as to be unable to pass these places if he really wanted to.'

'Those who are once victims of the drink crave are too weak, and ought to be protected—and the story is true, the man was my father.'—'Christian World.'

Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in *Canada* afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one *Free A One Dollar Bottle* of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—*ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM.* I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot *coax* Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot *tease* it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot *imagine* it out with mental science. *You Must Drive It Out.* It is in the blood and you must *Go After it and Get it.* This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. *The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.* My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, *and cures them quickly.*

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..HOUSEHOLD..

Doctors versus Teachers.

'I am so puzzled,' writes a mother, 'about my daughter Helen. She is so nervous, and so irritable, that she is almost hysterical, and the tears come to her eyes if I speak to her. I don't mean if I find fault with her, for I am very gentle in my treatment of the child; but if I address her suddenly, or ask her where she has been, or whether she knows her lessons. Our doctor says: "Take Helen out of school for six months, and let her stay out of doors, and build up her strength." But what is to become of her education if she is to be interrupted within a year of her graduation, and kept at home. The other girls will get far ahead of her, and she will not want to go back. I am puzzled; what do you advise?'

This mother is not solitary or singular in her bewilderment. The situation is not uncommon. Many girls at sixteen or seventeen find the demands of the physical and the school life in conflict, and when the doctor is consulted, he sensibly prescribes rest and change.

Teachers naturally deprecate the dropping out of classes of pupils who are doing good work, and who, from the pedagogical viewpoint, are not overworked. Miss R——, who is principal of a high school, and whose opportunities for studying girls are multiplied, says that the difficulty generally lies in the home life, not in the school work. She has found over and over that girls try to keep up a sort of social life that is unwise—receiving their boy friends in the evening, and going to parties and companies which keeps them out of bed until midnight. She insists that schoolgirls cannot spread their strength over too much space, and declares that a girl who does her work faithfully, loses no sessions, either half days or whole days, during a term, who eats good food, and retires at an early hour, seldom breaks down. She is very emphatic in her disapproval of the candy habit, and says that girls who nibble at sweets seldom eat their meals as they ought.

I advise Helen's mother to follow her physician's advice, if, and only if, Helen has been doing nothing but her school work. If Helen has been allowed too much social freedom, or too many sweets, it may be worth while to try what virtue there is in dieting and early hours. But, and this every mother should remember, if a girl's strength is not sufficient to keep her buoyant and cheery at sixteen, there is something very much amiss. How will she endure the later strain—that will come at twenty, at twenty-five and at thirty? It is much safer and far wiser to defer her graduation from the high school a year or two, than to let her drift into a condition of nervous invalidism, that may become chronic.

Without a good physical basis, mental growth is apt to be impeded. How does your daughter dress? is a question I would ask the mother whose young daughter gives signs of fragility. Has she plenty of room to breathe? A young girl does not need and should not wear any article of dress that cramps her and intereferes with the free circulation of the blood in her veins. Tight shoes and high heels have caused many a nervous headache. Some girls are not clothed warmly enough; others need glasses, they suffer from eye-strain that an oculist could relieve. No girl should be permitted to study hour after hour at home after school. Most of the school work should be done in the schoolroom, and several hours of fresh air and exercise should be a part of the young girl's daily regimen.

It is very much better to withdraw a student from school entirely, than to suffer her to attend school at her discretion and remain absent whenever she chooses. This fosters a habit of irresponsibility, and is greatly to be dreaded in its effect on character. When the doctor is obeyed, let the cessation from school and from social amusements as well be thorough, and, if possible, interest your daughter in the simple duties of home, and send her often out of doors, until she gains color and flesh, and forgets the bondage of her nerves.—'Christian Herald.'

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

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Fashions for girls follow slowly in the trail of those designed for older women. The good features are copied and the objectionable ones cast aside. Just now we are imitating the high-waisted styles; whether we accept them or not remains to be seen, but an occasional design indicates a leaning in that direction. Of such a fashion is our model 1535. In all other respects than the lifting of the skirt in the back it is put together on the regulation lines. It is of white mohair with bands of white satin striped challis cut crosswise. Around the neck the plain spaces must be plaited in a trifle to make the stripes radiate. A bias band of mohair with silk briar stitching and a white Liberty satin ribbon sash complete the costume. The pattern No. 1535, is made in 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 year sizes, and 4½ yards of 2-inch or 2½ year of 44-inch material will be required for a 6-year size.

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The Two Buckets.

A great deal of trouble is caused by the habit of looking at things 'wrong end foremost.' 'How disconsolate you look!' said a bucket to his fellow-bucket as they were going to the well. 'Ah,' replied the other, 'I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for, let us go away ever so full we always come back empty!' 'There now! how strange to look at it in that way!' said the first bucket. 'Now, I enjoy the thought that, however empty we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you'll be as cheerful as I am.'—'Evangelical Visitor.'

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